

on the stairs in Grafton Street, broke a bone
 in his knee,
 aggravated the hurt by walking on it, and
 had to dose
 the theatre. It was that year, too, that his
 general health
 began to fail. For the ten years preceding his
 death he
 carried on an indomitable struggle against ill-
 health. Lungs
 and heart alike were weak. Only the spirit in
 that frail
 body remained as strong as ever. Nothing
 could bend it,
 much less break it.

But I have not come to that sad time yet.

" We all know when we do our best," said
 Henry once.
 " We are the only people who know." Yet he
 thought he
 did better in " Macbeth " than in " Hamlet "!

Was he right after all ?

His *view* of " Macbeth," though attacked
 and derided
 and put to shame in many quarters, is as clear
 to me as the
 sunlight itself. To me it seems as stupid to
 quarrel with
 the conception as to deny the nose on one's
 face. But the
 carrying out of the conception was unequal.
 Henry's
 imagination was sometimes his worst enemy.

When I think of his " Macbeth," I remember
 him most
 distinctly in the last act after the battle when
 he looked like
 a great famished wolf, weak with the weakness
 of a giant
 exhausted, spent as one whose exertions
 have been ten
 times as great as those of commoner men of
 rougher fibre
 and coarser strength.

" Of all men else I have avoided thee."

Once more ^{>*} lie suggested, as he only could
 suggest, the
 power of Fate. Destiny seemed to hang over
 him, and he
 knew that there was no hope, no mercy.

The rehearsals for " Macbeth" were very
 exhausting, but
 they were splendid to watch. In this play
 Henry brought

his manipulation of crowds to perfection.
My acting
edition of the play is riddled with rough
sketches by